

IF EASTERN ITS HOLD
—upon you before you know it. It is sure to be in the air we breathe, the water we drink. The germ of consumption is everywhere present. The germ locates to grow as soon as it reaches a weak spot in the body. Catarrh, Bronchitis, and a scrofulous condition, furnish these weak spots. The way to fight these germs—begin early—render the liver active and purify the blood with Dr. Paro's Golden Medical Discovery. Besides, it builds up healthy flesh. It is guaranteed in all bronchial, throat and lung affections—every form of scrofulous, even Consumption in its earlier stages. It is "Discovery" fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Fortify yourself against disease by making the body germ-proof, then you will save yourself from rags, malaria, and many of the passing diseases.

Too well known to need lengthy advertisement—Dr. Paro's Catarrh Remedy.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. F. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FORDVILLE, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections.

M. L. HEAVRIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections.

Glenn & Wedding,
LAWYERS,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections.

James A. Smith,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections.

Guffy & Ringo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Hartford, Kentucky.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia. Office on West Market Street.

F. L. FELIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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WILL PRACTICE in the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.

J. EDWIN ROWE,
COUNSELOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to criminal practice, settlement of decedent's Estates and Collections. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.

J. B. WILSON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
AND Notary Public for Ohio County.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to Mine Surveying, Mapping, etc. a specialty. Office with Ringo & Felix, Hartford.

Nerve Tonic
Blood Builder

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Send for descriptive pamphlet.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., and Brockville, Ont.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Promotes a luxuriant growth of hair. It is the only hair dressing that does not contain any of the poisonous ingredients of the cheap imitations.

CONSUMPTIVE
See Parker's Orange Balm. It cures the worst Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. The only cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs.

J. H. WHITE
DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

Office over "Red Front."

Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work at reasonable prices.

KENTUCKY'S BIG PRISON

SCENES IN THE PENITENTIARY AT FRANKFORT.

A Paternal System of Discipline Keeps Eleven Hundred Convicts in Order—Some Celebrated Men.

MARCHING IN "LOCKSTEP"

(Special in Cincinnati Enquirer.)

There are many things about the Frankfort Penitentiary which are absolutely unique. It is as easy-going, apparently, as the Legislature which rules it. That is where lies the secret of the splendid government of the 1,100 unfortunates who live within its walls.

To apply the rules of ordinary prison discipline to these convicts would be to wage a constant and deadly war within four stone walls, and then fail in the end.

Frankfort Prison as it is has fewer excesses, less corporal punishment and better results in proportion to the number of men at work than any similar institution in the country. Tell this to the martinet who rule over Northern prisons with iron discipline and they will laugh. Compare figures and they must admit a remarkable truth.

The prison lies to the north of the city proper, though it doesn't have to be very far to the north to get away from the city proper. Crowded into a gulch hollow amid the Kentucky hills, sleepy old Frankfort has

SPREAD ITSELF LITTLE. And in the direction where hill climbing can be avoided. The Kentucky River winds through the town, a gigantic letter "S," fringed and shaded with towering shadows, where now there are bare trees and tufts of cold, gray grass amid the winter's snow, but where, with the coming of spring and green things, great vistas of glorious natural beauty will invite the wanderer's eye.

To all purposes the Frankfort Penitentiary is a huge chair factory, run by the State of Kentucky. The manufacture of chairs is the only productive employment of the prisoners. One thousand chairs per day—\$18,000 worth per month—are turned into the hands of Norman & Hubbard, who have contracted with the State to accept this number and dispose of them at wholesale. All of the immense purchases of supplies are attended to by Colonel George. Drummers call at the office of the penitentiary as they would at the office of some big factory. The in- and out-go, the payment to machinery, the collection and disposal of bills, all this great stream of business detail must be directed and regulated by the Warden. His deputy and his clerk, Captain Gervais H. Stone, who was a company commander in Morgan's Brigade and left a leg upon the altar of the lost cause, have charge of admission and discharge of prisoners, the assignment of new men to tasks, the transmission and

INSPECTION OF MAIL. And in addition to all this, Captain Stone, with two convict assistants, keeps the accounts of the prison. These gentlemen, with Rev. W. B. Cooper, Chaplain, and Dr. Waller H. Dade, a Bellevue graduate, constitute the executive staff of the prison.

We will suppose that you have met Colonel McGrath at the Statehouse, where handshakes and cordial salutations attest the fact that he is the best-known man in Kentucky, and have come with him to make a tour of the prison. The Warden, in his little oak-paneled office at the gate, has left his desk to grasp your hand and speak a word of courteous welcome, you have exchanged greetings with the other officers, passed through the group of "trustees" standing in the roofed walkway and have reached the iron wicket in the main gate, which is the only entrance for pedestrians. On one side of the wicket stands a blue-coated guard and on the other a trusty in stripes. You will notice one peculiar thing about his apparel, and that is that he wears a long overcoat made of the same striped material as his nether garments. He has to be at the gate in all sorts of weather, and he is dressed accordingly. Once inside the gate, you find yourself in a huge enclosure of about six acres surrounded by a

TWENTY-FOOT STONE WALL. There are buildings which obscure the view of the greater part of the wall, but Colonel McGrath tells you that there are seven guard houses on it. One of them perched upon a corner, is visible. The guard, Winchester is, visible. The guard, Winchester is, visible. The guard, Winchester is, visible.

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is she? Well, now, we're all just mighty glad to see her. How long can she stay?"

Sissy puts her finger in her mouth, and Sissy's father, with his fingers in her yellow hair, says she can stay until Wednesday.

"Good!" says the Colonel, cheerfully. "Be sure and see that she gets enough to eat."

As we move on he says: "That's Al Holding, from Rowan county, and his little girl. He was

MIXED UP WITH THE TOLLIVERs, And he's here for killing a Deputy Marshal named Hill up in Mt. Sterling. He's one of the best prisoners we've got. He's sick now, and I'm just going to let that youngster of his stay here with him as long as she wants to."

As we go out of the prison at evening we see the convict father sitting on the hospital stairs with his child on his knee.

Colonel McGrath is very fond of the chair factory.

"Now, here's where the lumber goes in," says he when we near a door. "I want you to just look at that lumber and see what we do with it."

Very shortly we see. The beauty of the system (patented is that each man has but one thing to do, and this he can learn to do perfectly in a week. Half a dozen convicts are waiting to lift the lumber from the hand carts as it enters. Half a dozen hand and circular saws cut it down to the sizes necessary. There are rough, straight billets which are to be transformed into gracefully curved and handsomely embossed-up pieces for chair backs. There are smaller pieces which are to be saved into shape for the frame work of the bottoms of cane-seated chairs. There are long square pieces for hind legs, short pieces for rungs, and altogether such a confusion of saved wood that one wonders what it can all be for. The convicts know. When a man has spent ten years picking up bits of wood of a certain size and shape and carrying them to a certain machine at a certain point he is

NOT LIKELY TO MAKE MISTAKES. At the machines the straight pieces are quickly reduced to shape by pattern lathes. Those which are to be bent go across the yard to the boilers, where they are softened by steam until you can take a piece four feet long and an inch thick and bend it with your hands. From the boiler the pieces go to the dryhouse, where they are locked into iron frames and left to dry out and "set" in their new shapes. Then go back to the shops. One machine bores holes into which the ends of the rungs are to fit, another cuts a little hole into which the edge of the seat is to be mortised. The four pieces which form the framework of the seat are clamped together, glued and screwed in a frame to dry. Then they go to a machine which punches the holes for the cane. They are chairs of 20 different patterns; everything from a hand-made oak rocker to a cheap wooden article which sells at retail for 50 cents. The men who work on the cheap ones are just as skillful as the men who work on the finest. The work is so subdivided and so much done by machinery that skill is not much an element in it.

In the "sandroom," where the rough pieces are smoothed, one can hardly see for the fine dust that fills the apartment. The men at work scarcely need to see. They merely feed pieces of wood into the hungry maws of whirling machines. Colonel McGrath explains that a powerful fan is to be placed in the room to drive out the dust. In the meanwhile the men who work there are changed every two months to keep them from

GETTING LUNG DISEASE. There are but two departments in the whole factory where anything like skill of workmanship is required. These are the painting or, more properly, the dipping department, and the caning shop. In the dipping room you will see half a dozen convicts dipping chairs and covering every part of the wood with out getting a drop of paint on the cane seats and backs. One of these, a colored man, says he has been dipping for 12 years. He is "going out" next month, and will thereafter dip for himself instead of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

In the room under the dipping department we find a dozen men making cedar chests. This is a new enterprise, and almost all the convicts employed in it are carpenters by trade. The chests find a ready sale for use as summer receptacles for furs.

On our way to the caning shop we stop to see the embossing machine, the most expensive piece of machinery in the factory. Under enormous pressure chair backs are decorated with raised figures, which look as though they had been carved by hand.

We look in at the "dead-best" room, where 300 men who have not yet been assigned to work, or who have lost their positions by negligence, are kept in enforced idleness. Finally we make a call at the office of the Superintendent of the chair factory, Mr. S. T. Chamberlain, and his accountant, Mr. E. M. Hayes. They tell us that the best equipped factory south of Cincinnati, and that only five skilled workmen are employed in it. The convicts do all the rest of the work.

As we are leaving the office the dinner gong sounds, and when we reach the middle of the yard the convicts come pouring from the doors of the shops. There are one or two little squads in charge of guards which march with the prison lock-step, but nearly all of the 1,100 men in stripes come strolling toward the big dining room in any order they choose. "Those fellows in the ranks are being punished," says Colonel McGrath. "We don't make the prisoners march to meals unless they misbehave. Every one of them values the privilege, and there's mighty little disorder among them. They know they'll have to march if they cut up any capers."

We go into the dining room and find the 1,100 men

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THE GREAT DESTROYER

OF COUNTLESS HOMES AND THE NATION'S MANHOOD.

The Convicted Prisoner Proved by Strong Language that Several Others Shared His Guilty State.

HIS SWEEPING CHARGE.

(Tattle Morgan, in Domestic Journal.)

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer? Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion? Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude that he has shown through the trial, even to the place of execution?

Such were the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day. The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move, his head was raised, his hands were clenched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, careworn face, his teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said: "I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long binges and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence."

"But, may I please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife?"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner; the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear with me before His Judgment Throne, where we all shall be righteously judged."

"If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not one-twentieth of the crime."

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be buried into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the Government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—lost to the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State."

"God knows, I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor."

"For one year my town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and my little home a perfect paradise."

"I was one of those who signed remonstrance against re-opening the saloons in our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found to-day on the petition certifying to the good moral character (?) of the remonstrators, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was 'necessary' in our town. The prosecuting attorney on this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with this court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before sentence of death was passed on me, granted the license."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! no! your honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through, and they are the last words I shall ever utter on earth."

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this Commonwealth,

which has received annually a part of the blood-money from the poor, deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (?) by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have deliberately and willfully murdered your thousands, and the murderers are in full operation to-day with your consent."

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unreasoning mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year; sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches."

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close my eyes, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

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"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close my eyes, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long binges and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence."

"But, may I please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife